

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No 8 • 5th APRIL 1969

PRICE 1/3

A King finds
a lost baby
in the forest.
You can
read what
happens
next in the
wonderful
story of
Valentine
and
Orson
which starts
inside.



ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. When Aladdin arrived at the King's palace, leading a splendid procession of forty slaves, each bearing a tray of magic jewels, the King greeted him with open arms. "But what about the palace that was to be built within a day?" asked the King.

2. Aladdin smiled. "Look over your shoulder, Your Majesty," said he and when the King saw the wondrous palace, he gave orders for his court to assemble at once. Then he sent for his daughter Princess Badroul who fell in love with Aladdin at first sight.



3. Aladdin's mother was very happy when Aladdin married the Princess. But someone else was *not* very happy and that was the wicked Magician who had taken Aladdin to the underground cavern where he had found the magic lamp. In a far-off land he was weaving spells. "I must have the lamp," he was saying.



4. At last, by magic means, the Magician learned that Aladdin had not perished in the cavern but had escaped by using the magic ring which the Magician had foolishly given him. When he further learned that Aladdin was married to a Princess and lived in a palace, his rage knew no bounds.



5. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled as the Magician swore to have the magic lamp. He disguised himself as a poor old man and travelled to the land where Aladdin lived. In a market-place he asked a fat merchant about Aladdin. Soon he had learned all that he wanted to know.



6. Then he worked out a cunning plan. He bought twelve bright new shining lamps at a stall in the market-place. "Ha, ha," he chuckled to himself. "The Magic Lamp will soon be mine."



7. He made his way towards Aladdin's palace and waited. Some time later Aladdin rode out, followed by several soldiers who threw gold pieces to some poor people. Aladdin was very kind but the Magician hated him.



1. If you ever go to the zoo, you will see some of the big cats. They are very fierce, so do not go too near them. Now here is the most famous of them all, the King of the Beasts, the lion, which lives in the wilds of Africa. Although it is a dangerous animal, it is also very lazy, and it likes to lie in the heat of the sun for hours on end.



2. If the lion is the King of the Beasts, the tiger is lord of the jungle in India. As you can see from our picture, the tiger is a most handsome animal. Like the lion it has a terrifying roar, but it is not often heard. A tiger can leap fifteen feet in a single bound.



These are "Allsorts" pages.
Every week you can see all
sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**

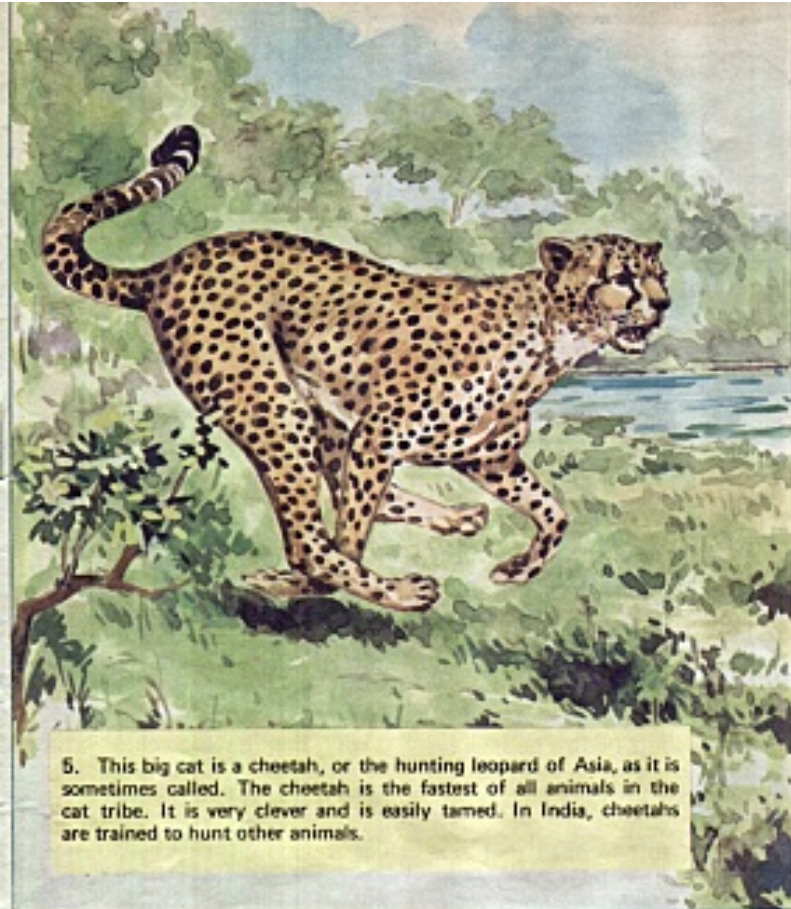
All Sorts



3. This is a leopard, which is also a very fierce and dangerous cat. A leopard can climb trees, and one of its favourite tricks is to lie stretched motionless on a branch, while it waits for a victim to appear. The leopard is found in Africa and Asia.



4. The puma is found in North and South America, and like all cats, it prefers to hunt at night. Rather surprisingly, it is a playful animal, and it will sometimes gambol and bound about like a kitten when it thinks it is not being watched. Here is a handsome puma with her cubs.



5. This big cat is a cheetah, or the hunting leopard of Asia, as it is sometimes called. The cheetah is the fastest of all animals in the cat tribe. It is very clever and is easily tamed. In India, cheetahs are trained to hunt other animals.



6. This is a Canadian lynx, and doesn't it look bad tempered? It is sometimes hunted for its fur, but it is not easy to catch because it can run very fast and can also make its escape, if necessary, by swimming out of reach across a river.

of Big Cats



7. The most beautifully marked of all the cats is the South American ocelot. This splendid creature spends most of its time in trees, where it hunts for birds, just like any other cat. It generally grows to a length of four feet.



8. This beautiful animal is called a snow leopard, and it lives in the Himalayan Mountains and other mountainous areas of Asia. It has a lovely coat of apple grey, spotted with black rings. Its tail is three feet long and is the same length as its body.

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit breaks up a party. An old folk tale retold by Barbara Hayes.

NOW once upon a time, there was a smart rabbit, known to his friends as Brer Rabbit.

And Brer Rabbit *needed* to be smart, because the other creatures, like Brer Wolf and Brer Bear and Brer Fox, were always trying to catch Brer Rabbit, when he wasn't looking. They wanted to make him into rabbit stew for their dinners.

Brer Rabbit had to be mighty slipper and clever to keep out of the stewpot in those days, I can tell you.

Well, it so happened that one day Brer Fox had the idea of inviting some of the other creatures up to his house for a little get-together.

He asked Brer Bear and Brer Coon, but he *didn't* invite Brer Rabbit.

Of course, Brer Rabbit, who always kept his big ears flapping around for the latest news, heard about the party and he felt very jealous.

"Well, even if I'm *not* invited," he grinned to himself, "I'll bet that I have just as much fun as those that *are* invited. I just bet that I do!"

You see, naughty Brer Rabbit had decided to play one of his cheeky pranks on Brer Fox, just because he had not been asked to the party.

On the day of the party, the creatures who *had* been invited collected at Brer Fox's house and Brer Fox invited them in and gave them all chairs and they sat round laughing and talking. Then by and by Brer Fox got out some very tasty snacks and drinks and he just sat back and he said, said he, "Now all you good folk just help yourselves."

And believe me, they *did* all help themselves and what a jolly time they had.

Now I expect you are wondering what Brer Rabbit was doing while all this eating and drinking was going on.

Well, I can tell you that Brer Rabbit was mighty busy, mighty busy indeed.

Brer Rabbit was getting everything ready for playing that prank of his.

Brer Rabbit had a very fine drum, which he had found lying on the ground after one of Mr. Man's garden parties.

Now I don't think I have ever told you what a good drummer Brer Rabbit was — but a really mighty fine drummer he was, indeed.

Why Brer Rabbit could rattle the drumsticks on a drum and make it sound like the rolling of heavy thunder. Then he could flick those drumsticks even faster and make them sound like hailstones beating down with thunderclaps overhead.

Oh he was a mighty clever fellow was our Brer Rabbit!

So on the day of the party, Brer Rabbit took the drum and went up the road towards Brer Fox's house and first he played the drum so that it seemed to talk:

"Diddybang! Diddybang! Bang! Bang!"

But Brer Fox and the others were laughing and talking and eating and drinking at such a rate that they didn't even *hear* Brer Rabbit.

Still Brer Rabbit went on marching up the road and now he was banging the drum, so that it sounded like the roar of mighty thunder.

And by and by, Brer Coon, who always kept one ear open for anything unusual, said to Brer Fox:

"What's that, then?"

And all the animals, they stopped and listened and coming up the road, they heard the mighty crashing of Brer Rabbit's drum:

"Diddybang! Diddybang! Diddybang—bang—BANG!"

Well, Brer Coon he began to feel mighty scared and he reached for his hat and he said, said he:

"Well, folks, I think it's time for me to be going. I told my wife that I'd only be here a minute, and I've been here half the day already."



So old Brer Coon, he slipped out of the house as fast as his legs would carry him and he hadn't been gone more than a flash when the other scared animals ran out as fast as if they were in a race and old Brer Fox, he was in the lead.

All this while, Brer Rabbit kept drumming up the road:
Diddybang! Diddybang! Diddybang—bang—BANG!

Right up to Brer Fox's front door went that cheeky Brer Rabbit and called:

"Is there anyone at home?"

But, of course, there wasn't.

So Brer Rabbit went in and really made himself at home, sitting on the sofa and putting his feet up on the best chair, and tucking into the food and drink.

A mighty fine time Brer Rabbit had eating and drinking, but while he was enjoying himself so much the other animals were hiding in the bushes and listening.

After a time, when the other creatures didn't hear any more *diddybangs*, they felt a little braver and they crept up to Brer Fox's house to see what all the noise had been about.

You can imagine how cross they felt when they saw that scamp Brer Rabbit eating up all their goodies.

They crept into the room and suddenly shouted "Caught you at last, Brer Rabbit!"

And Brer Rabbit looked up and saw that he was caught, yes, well and truly caught this time.

Then Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer Bear put their heads together and they said:

"For frightening us like that and eating our party food, Brer Rabbit, you deserve to be thrown into the river."

Well when he heard that, Brer Rabbit's clever little mind began to work and he said:

"Throw me into the river if you like, but whatever you do, don't throw me into the river by Spring Creek!"

Of course, when he heard that, Brer Fox said he *would* throw Brer Rabbit into the river by Spring Creek — Brer Fox was that sort of fox. But Brer Bear, who was a little kinder, gave Brer Rabbit a walking stick to hold on to while he floated in the water. Brer Rabbit grinned at Brer Bear.

"Why, thank you kindly, Brer Bear," said he. "That's mighty nice of you."

Brer Bear twisted his toes in the dust.

"Shucks, Brer Rabbit, think nothing of it," he said.

You see, Brer Bear was really a great big stupid fellow who didn't want to hurt anybody. It was wicked animals like Brer Fox and Brer Wolf who were always leading Brer Bear into trouble and mischief and making him do what he didn't want to do.

Mark you, Brer Rabbit had also done his fair share of leading Brer Bear into trouble. But Brer Bear was not the sort of chap to bear a grudge even if he did like rabbit stew.

Well, the creatures flung Brer Rabbit into Spring Creek, but how Brer Rabbit laughed, because the water scarcely came up to his ankles and he was able to run across to the other side and escape.

"Cheerio, Brer Fox," he called, "I *knew* Spring Creek was shallow all along. That's why I asked you not to throw me in here because I knew that then you *would*."

Brer Fox was *mighty* cross, especially when he heard Brer Rabbit laughing in the distance. Another story about Brer Rabbit next week.



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AT SEA WITH THE TEDDY BEARS



Here is some counting fun for you. The Teddy Bears are off to the-seaside for the day. Under every picture there is a question. Try and answer the questions. You will have lots of fun. Then check your answers with the correct answers which are printed upside down at the foot of the page.



A. One little Teddy Bear is staying behind with Grandma. How many altogether are going to the sea-side?



B. Three little bears go with Mummy in a rowing boat. How many bears (not counting the boatman) are left?



C. Daddy has taken two little bears in a canoe. How many bears (not counting the boatman) are left?



D. The boatman has taken the remaining little bears in a motor-boat. How many bears (counting the boatman) are there in the picture?



E. The bears have all gone home for tea. How many little bears are seated in small chairs?

ANSWERS: A = 11. B = 7. C = 4. D = 12. E = 10.



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THE story of Valentine and Orson is the story of two brothers.

They were twins and should have grown up together loving each other and learning to become brave knights and wise princes, as befitted their royal birth.

But when they were tiny babies Valentine and Orson were parted and although they did indeed grow up to be brave and wise, they grew to be brave and wise in two very different ways.

And although in the end they grew to love each other they had many and difficult adventures before they were able to stand proudly side by side as the princely brothers that they were.

So now I will tell you from the very beginning the story of the brothers Valentine and Orson.

Once upon a time the mighty land of France had a king called King Pepin. Handsome though King Pepin was, his sister, Bellisance, was beauty itself.

Bellisance was so lovely that kings and princes from far and wide came to ask for her hand in marriage.

"Many princes wish to marry you," King Pepin said to his sister, "but a princess of your beauty and goodness should marry a great prince with many riches and fine palaces."

So it was decided that Bellisance should marry Alexander, the Emperor of Constantinople.

He was indeed a fine rich prince and seemed a good choice, but really he was not the prince who should have been chosen.

You see Constantinople was a long, long way from France, especially in those days, when there were no cars or trains or aeroplanes. In those far-off times people either had to ride on horses or walk, which made travelling even ten miles quite an adventure. And Constantinople was many hundreds of miles from France.

So Bellisance was going to a land, where her brother could not keep an eye on her affairs.

Valentine and Orson





Also, although King Pepin did not know this, Alexander had a jealous suspicious nature and was only marrying Bellisance so that he could boast of a beautiful wife.

In the course of time, twin boys were born to Bellisance and it seemed that the two little princes had made her happiness complete.

However Bellisance had an enemy in her new realm. The prime minister, who advised Emperor Alexander how to rule his land, was very jealous of Bellisance.

Before Bellisance had come, the emperor had listened to the prime minister alone, but now sometimes the emperor discussed his affairs with Bellisance as well.

So one day the prime minister, went to Emperor Alexander and told him that far from being a faithful wife, Bellisance was really a spy for the King of France.

"She sends back messages to France telling her brother King Pepin all the secret affairs you discuss with her," said the prime minister, "and she tells him how many soldiers you have in your castles and where you keep your treasure. Mark my words, one morning, you will wake up and find the king of France sitting on your throne and counting your treasure and you will be put into a dungeon."

At this, Emperor Alexander flew into a rage and without giving her a chance to explain, threw Bellisance and the two little princes out of his kingdom.

Poor Bellisance. The only friend she had left was one old soldier, who had come with her from France. His name was Blandiman.

So Bellisance and the old soldier Blandiman travelled together and although the journey was long, to Bellisance, it was almost one of the happiest times of her life. During the day they walked through the beautiful countryside and at night Blandiman found them shelter in a barn or in the cottages of kindly countryfolk.

Blandiman always seemed to know where to hunt for food. Life had somehow never seemed quite so carefree.

So the days passed by, until Bellisance and Blandiman and the two children were very near the palace of King Pepin.

Then it so happened that Bellisance stopped at the edge of the forest to rest, while Blandiman went off in search of food.

Now while Bellisance was resting, a large bear came and peeped at her and the children.

"They are a pair of strange cubs," thought the big bear. "Why haven't they got fur all over like my cubs?"

Then the bear thought:

"I know. I will take one of the funny hairless cubs to show to my cubs. Perhaps they can play to-

gether for the afternoon. It will be nice for all of them."

So the Mother Bear lolloped forward and said in her growly way, "I am just taking your cub to play with my cubs for a while," and she picked up one of the twins and padded off with him.

But of course, Bellisance had not understood the bears growls at all and she was very upset to see the bear running off with one of her babies.

She ran after the bear shouting and calling to Blandiman for help. But Blandiman was too far away to hear her.

Now that afternoon it so happened that while Bellisance was running after the bear that had taken her baby, her brother King Pepin happened to be hunting in that same forest.

But although King Pepin didn't see Bellisance, he saw the other baby lying by itself in the forest.

"Whatever is that beautiful baby doing alone in the forest?" he gasped. He dismounted and picked up the lovely little baby in his arms. King Pepin loved the baby at once and said he would take him home and bring him up as his own.

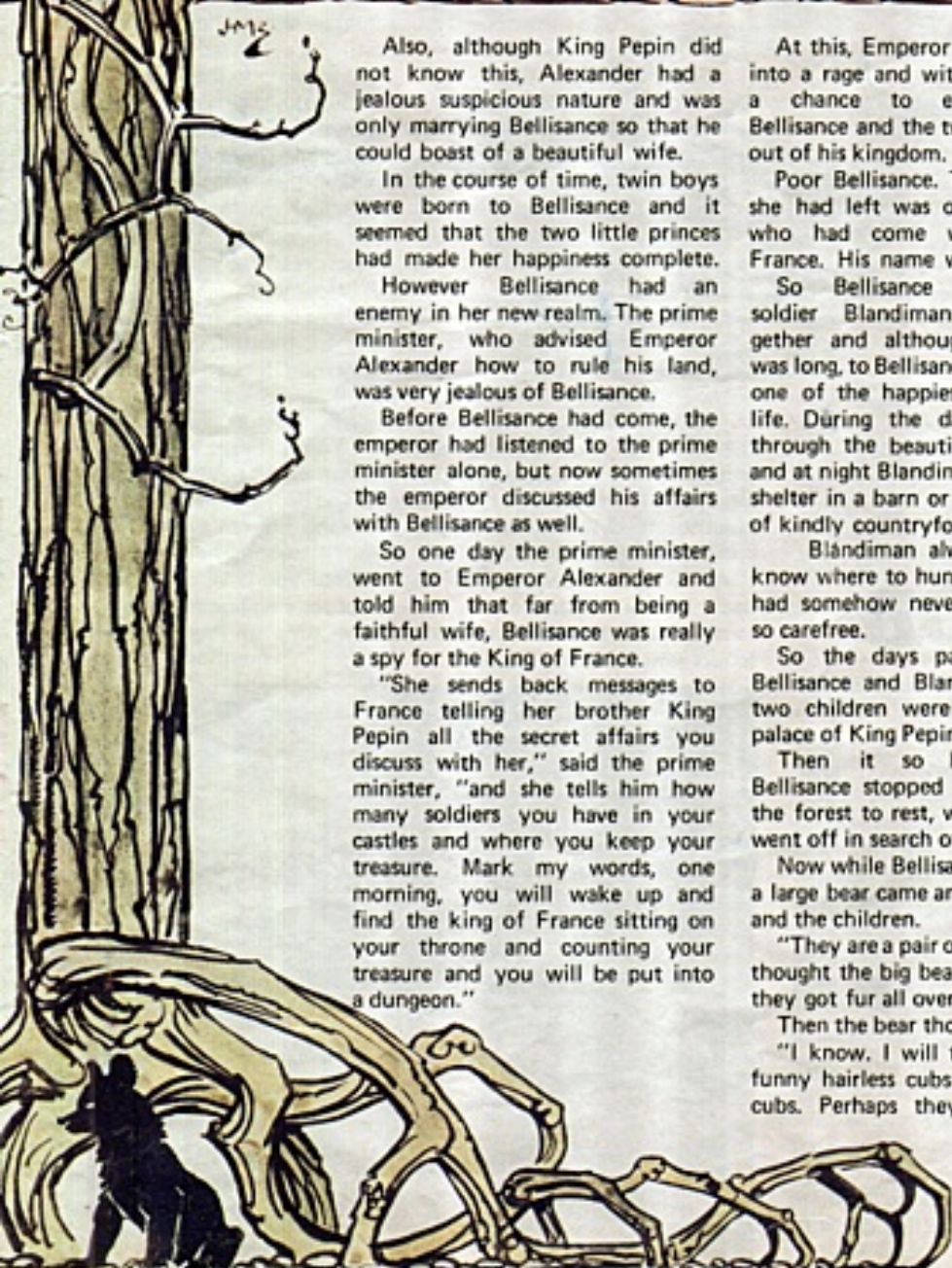
"We will call the baby Valentine," he said, "because we found him on St. Valentine's day."

Meanwhile Bellisance had been unable to keep up with the bear and had come back to look for her second baby.

You can imagine how she wept when she found that the baby had gone.

But do not be worried. Both babies were brought up safely, but, in such very different ways.

Next week you can read all about it.





BROWN BOB

This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 19 and try to answer the questions about it.

ONCE upon a time in the Wild West of North America, there lived an old scout called Sam Doone. He had a fine tall son called Rifle Tom and they both scouted for the brave United States cavalry, who were always out on the prairies fighting the Red Indians.

One morning Rifle Tom was out hunting when he found a poor half-starved dog with its paw held fast in a wolf-trap.

Tom released the dog, bandaged its foot and gave it something to eat.

The dog, which seemed to be homeless, licked Tom's sun-tanned hand as much as to say "Thank you very much. Will you please be my master?" Tom

grinned and patted the dog's head.

"Good dog," he smiled. "Well, I've got to be on my way."

But when he remounted his horse and rode off, the dog followed him; and from that day on, the dog never left Rifle Tom.

Brown Bob, Tom called him, and Brown Bob was to repay Tom's kindness in a way that Tom never expected.

One day, Old Sam Doone and Rifle Tom rode out after three wicked Indians who had been stealing cattle. They followed the trail of the Indians all day. That night they dismounted from their horses, lit a fire, cooked and ate a meal and then settled down to sleep.

Brown Bob went off to hunt

for rabbits. While he was away, the three Red Indians crept back and saw the sleeping scouts. Grinning to each other, they quietly untied the scouts' horses and took them away.

As soon as Brown Bob came back, he saw that the horses were missing. He barked loudly and the scouts awoke. They were very

angry when they discovered what had happened.

But, of course, they had to wait until morning before they could pick up the trail of the Indians and their missing horses.

They followed the trail for several miles. Then suddenly Old Sam stopped and pointed ahead.

"Those rascals have headed into the hunting grounds of the Blackfoot Indians," he said to his son. "That land is forbidden to all white men. We are risking our lives if we enter it and are seen by any Blackfoot."

Rifle Tom thought for a few moments. Then he said, "We will wait until nightfall and rely on Brown Bob's sense of smell. Maybe he can pick up the trail of our horses and lead us to them in the dark."

And that is just what Brown Bob did. The horses were his friends and he sniffed out the trail and at last led the two scouts to a wigwam in the forest.

Quietly they crept up to the wigwam and there inside fast asleep and snoring, were the three Indians they were chasing.

Before the Indians knew what was happening, they were the prisoners of the white men.

"How you find your way here without being seen by Blackfoot?" one of the Indians growled, as they rode through the dark night, on their way back to the fort.

Rifle Tom laughed.

"You'd better ask my dog Brown Bob," he chuckled.

And Brown Bob looked up and wagging his tail barked: "Wuff! Wuff!" meaning, "I bet you're pleased you were once kind to a poor starving homeless dog."

Now turn to Page 19 for the questions.





The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. What animal is the crocodile's only friend?

"It is a creature called the Egyptian plover, or crocodile bird which removes insects from the mouth of the crocodile. Because he is grateful for this service, the crocodile does not make a meal of the little bird."



2. What is the longest wall in the world?

"It is The Great Wall of China, which was built a long, long time ago by a Chinese emperor who wanted to keep enemies out of his country. It is about 1,400 miles long."



3. Do you know who first thought of inventing the parachute?

"Many hundreds of years ago there lived a very clever man called Leonardo da Vinci (say 'Vinchy'). He lived in Italy and he was a famous painter and sculptor. He was also always trying to invent things, and one of the many things he thought of inventing was the parachute."



4. Eskimos eat a certain food which you would not like very much. Do you know what it is?

"The food is called blubber, which is the fat from animals like seals and walrus. The Eskimos eat it because they live in a very cold place, and blubber, like all fats is a warming food."



5. Who flew the first kites?

The Chinese, many hundreds of years ago. Even today, the people of China still love to fly them. They have a special feast each year which is known as the Feast of the High Kite, when kites of all shapes and sizes are flown."



6. When were forks first used?

"The Italians were the first people to use forks, only a little more than three hundred years ago. Before then people used to cut up their food with knives and then eat with their fingers."

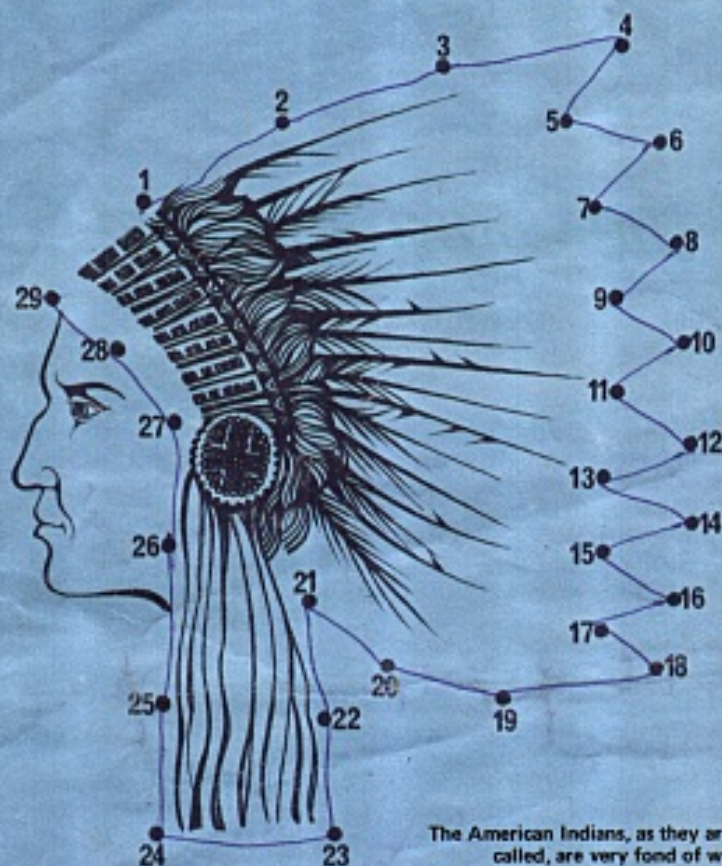


BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

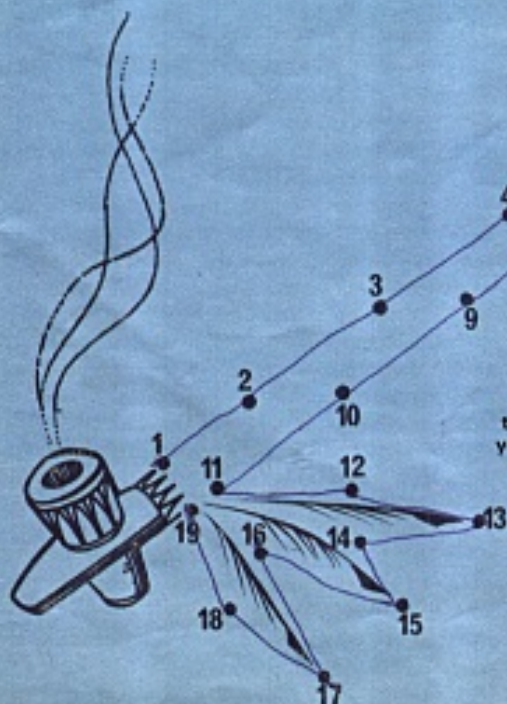
Here is a splendid photograph of an old, old castle. Looking at it one can easily imagine that perhaps once upon a time, long ago, a great giant lived here. Maybe if you were there and listened very carefully, you could hear, even today, the echo of his mighty footsteps.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

When Christopher Columbus landed on one of the Bahama Islands on October 12th, 1492, he met some dark-skinned natives with long straight black hair. Columbus thought he had reached India and called the natives "Indians." Because of this, the natives of North America are still called Indians.



The American Indians, as they are now called, are very fond of wearing feathers as decorations. If you join the dots from No. 1 to No. 29 you will see a chief's war-bonnet of eagle-feathers. The Indians now live at peace with the white men.



The American Indians were smoking tobacco long before the white man. If you join the dots from No. 1 to No. 19, you will see an Indian pipe.



The Indian women were called squaws.

While the men hunted for food, the squaws did all the hard work in the encampments. They carried all the heavy loads, fetched the firewood and water and took care of the babies, who were called papooses. They were, however, very important and in one tribe the warriors were not allowed to make war without the squaws first agreeing.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week the Town Mouse buys a new hat.

by Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. One lived in the town and one lived in the country.

They were cousins, but they were not a bit alike.

The mouse who lived in the country was called Winifred and she was rather old-fashioned and slow, but she was very kind-hearted and a wonderful cook.

The mouse who lived in the town was called Stephanie, but that was a secret.

"Stephanie is far too old-fashioned a name for a swifty mouse like me," thought Stephanie. And she told all her friends that her name was Steve.

Calling girls by boys' names was the fashionable thing to do in town that year.

Now there was nothing old-fashioned or slow about Stephanie — I beg her pardon — Steve.

Steve always wore the smartest clothes and she always had a quick answer for everything.

Why, even when Steve's neighbour Mrs. Topdrawer called on Steve wearing a dress she had bought in Paris in France, Steve wasn't going to be outdone.

You see Steve *hadn't* any Paris dresses, so she said, "Why, you don't *still* buy dresses from that square old place, do you? Swinging London is the place for the best clothes now, you know."

And Steve showed Mrs. Topdrawer the label in her newest dress, which said "Carnaby Street, London."

"London is the place for really modern fashions," said Stephanie.

Then she looked at Mrs. Topdrawer and said in a kindly voice "But perhaps you are right, dear. As you are *older* than I am and wear that rather old-fashioned hair style, I suppose it is better that you should wear rather old-fashioned dresses. Something too modern and young would look wrong on you."

Steve really was being naughty when she said that, wasn't she? And, of course, if she had been *lucky* enough to have a Paris dress herself, she would have said that swinging London was just a little vulgar.

Stephanie always had to be better than anyone else, you see.

Anyway, one of the big events in Stephanie's — oh dear, I am sorry, I mean Steve's — year, was the Easter Parade.

On Easter Day all the townsfolk, who thought anything of themselves at all, would dress up in their best clothes and, if possible, in completely new clothes. Then they would either walk or ride in the park so that everyone could see how smart they were.

Well, you can imagine how important Easter Day was to Stephanie — oh dear, when will I remember — STEVE.

She ordered a completely new set of clothes in the very latest fashion, but still somehow she wasn't satisfied.

"Several of the other mice have been getting too well dressed for my liking," she thought to herself, "especially that Mrs. Topdrawer. If I'm not careful, they will look as nice as I do at the Easter Parade."

Then she admitted to herself: "Really that Paris dress that Mrs. Topdrawer wore was nicer than anything I had. It was only because I was clever enough to think of something horrid to say that I came out best."

"Now what can I do to make sure that I look the smartest and grandest mouse at the Easter Parade?"

Then Stephanie — Steve, I mean, oh dear, oh dear — had one of her clever ideas. Because Steve was a clever mouse, you know. If she had ever thought about anything but being fashionable, she could have been a wonderful business woman.

"There is one way to seem better than everyone else," smiled Steve "and that is to be *taller* than everyone else. Then you can look down on them and they have to look up to you — *wonderful!*"

So first Steve ordered herself a tall hat from the best hatshop in town.

The hat was blue with a pretty yellow bobble. You can see Steve trying the hat on in the big picture.

"Now this hat will make me the tallest lady mouse in the whole Easter Parade," smiled Steve happily, "but I want to be high above all the men mice too."

So then Stephanie — I mean Steve (wouldn't she be cross if she knew I kept getting her name wrong?) sent a message to

her boy-friend Nigel.

"If you want to come with me on the Easter Parade," she wrote, "you must come in the very latest motor car. And the car must be polished till it shines and you yourself must be wearing the most expensive suit in town."

Well, when Nigel received the note, he was pleased.

He had been hoping that Steve would let him take her to the Easter Parade, because he liked being seen out with such a well dressed girl-friend. It made him feel important.

And although he had been thinking that he really shouldn't spend the money on a new car just at that moment, Steve's note was a good excuse for buying a new car after all.

So on the day of the Easter Parade, Nigel called for Steve, in his best car and wearing his newest suit and Steve came out in her tall hat and best dress.

They drove through the park and they really were the smartest, tallest, grandest couple in the whole Easter Parade.

Everyone looked up to them and they looked down on everyone else.

Steve was happier than she had ever thought possible.

"Come along, Nigel," she said, "I'm feeling happy, so let us make the rest of these poor old things feel happy too."

So Steve and Nigel took Mrs. and Mr. Topdrawer and the other mice to a restaurant and bought them a lovely dinner and they all danced and really enjoyed themselves.

"I do like to see all the other mice happy," smiled Steve. And she meant it, just so long as all the other mice knew that Steve was the very best mouse of all.

So everyone had a lovely Easter Day, Steve because she was the best dressed mouse, and Mrs. Topdrawer and the other mice because they had had a lovely party and didn't care as much as Steve did about being the best.

Even Nigel enjoyed himself, although he had to pay the bill.

"It was worth every penny to see Steve so happy," he thought.

Next week I will tell you a story about the Country Mouse.



PINOCCHIO

The Good Fairy has promised to turn Pinocchio the puppet into a real boy. To celebrate the event, Pinocchio is inviting his friends to a jolly breakfast.

PINOCCHIO, as was natural, asked the Fairy's permission to go round the town to take the invitations; and the Fairy said to him: "Go if you like and invite your friends for the breakfast tomorrow, but remember to return home before dark. Have you understood?" "I promise to be back in an hour," answered the puppet.

Without saying more the puppet took leave of his Good Fairy, and went out of the house singing and dancing.

In less than an hour all his friends were invited.

Now I must tell you that amongst Pinocchio's friends and school chums there was one that he greatly preferred and was very fond of. This boy always went by the nickname of Candlewick, because he was so thin, straight and bright like the new wick of a little candle.

Candlewick was the laziest and the naughtiest boy in the school; but Pinocchio liked him very much. He had indeed gone at once to his house to invite him to the breakfast, but he had not found him. He returned a second time, but Candlewick was not there. He went a third time, but it was in vain. Where could he search for him? He looked here, there, and everywhere, and at last he saw him hiding in the porch of a peasant's cottage.

"What are you doing there?" asked Pinocchio, coming up to him.

"I am waiting for midnight, to start . . ."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Very far, very far, very far away."

"And I have been three times to your house to look for you."

"What did you want with me?"

"Have you not heard of my good fortune?" asked Pinocchio.

"What is it?"

"Tomorrow I cease to be a puppet, and I become a boy like you and all the other boys."

"Much good may it do you."

"Tomorrow, therefore, I expect you to breakfast at my house."

"But when I tell you that I am going away tonight . . ."

"And where are you going?"

"I am going to live in a country . . . the most delightful country in the world: a real land called the 'Land of Boobies.' Why do you not come too?"

"I? No, never!"

"You are wrong, Pinocchio. Believe

me, if you do not come you will be sorry. Where could you find a better country for us boys? There are no schools there: there are no masters; there are no books. In that delightful land nobody ever studies. Only think, the summer holidays begin on the 1st of January and finish on the last day of December. That is the country for me! That is what all countries should be like! . . ."

"But how are the days spent in the 'Land of Boobies?'" asked Pinocchio.

"They are spent in play and amusement from morning till night. When night comes you go to bed, and start the same life in the morning. What do you think of it?"

"Hum! . . ." said Pinocchio; and he nodded his head slightly as much as to say, "That is a life that I also would like to lead." Then he asked:

"Are you going alone?"

"Alone? We shall be more than a hundred boys," grinned Candlewick.

"And do you make the journey on foot?" asked Pinocchio.

"A coach will pass by shortly which is to take me to that happy country," replied Candlewick.

"What would I not give for the coach to pass by now! . . ." sighed the puppet.

"Why?" asked Candlewick.

"That I might see you all start together."

"Wait another two minutes," chuckled Candlewick.

"Are you really certain that there are no schools in that country?" Pinocchio then wanted to know.

"Not even the shadow of one."

"And no masters either?"

"No."

"And no one is ever made to study?"

"Never, never, never!" and Candlewick shook his head.

"What a delightful country!" said Pinocchio, his mouth watering. "What a delightful country! I have never been there, but I can quite imagine it. . . ."

"Why will you not come also?"

"It is useless to tempt me. I promised my Good Fairy to become a good boy, and I will not break my word. Goodbye, Candlewick: a pleasant journey to you, amuse yourself, and think sometimes of your friends."

Thus saying, the puppet made two steps to go. But then stopped, and turning to his friend he asked:

"But are you quite certain that in that country the holidays begin on the 1st January and finish on the last day of December?"

"Yes."

"What a delightful country!" repeated Pinocchio looking enchanted. Then, he added in a great hurry:

"This time really goodbye, and a pleasant journey to you."

In the meantime night had come on and it was quite dark. Suddenly they saw in the distance a small light moving . . . and they heard a noise of talking, and the sound of a trumpet.

"Here it is!" shouted Candlewick, jumping to his feet.

"What is it?" asked Pinocchio in a whisper.

"It is the coach coming to take me. Now will you come, yes or no?"

"But is it really true," asked the puppet, "that in that country boys are never expected to study?"

"Never, never, never!"

"What a delightful country! . . . What a delightful country."

At last the coach arrived; and it arrived without making the slightest noise, for its wheels were bound round with tow and rags.

It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys, all the same size but of different colours. Some were gray, some white, and others had large stripes of yellow and blue.

But the strangest thing was this: the twenty-

four donkeys, instead of being shod with iron shoes like other donkeys, had on their feet men's boots made of white leather.

And the coachman? . . .

Picture to yourself a little man broader than he was long, flabby and greasy like a lump of butter, with a small round face like an orange, a little mouth that was always laughing, and a soft voice like a cat's.

The coach was quite full of boys between eight and twelve years old, heaped one upon another like herrings in a barrel. They were uncomfortable, packed close together and could hardly breathe: but nobody said OH! — nobody grumbled. The thought that in a few hours they would reach a country where there were no books, no schools, and no masters, made them so happy that they felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor want of sleep.

As soon as the coach had drawn up, the little coachman turned to Candlewick, and with a thousand chuckles said to him smiling:

"Tell me, my fine boy, would you also like to go to the wonderful 'Land of Boobies'?"

"I certainly wish to go."

"But I must warn you, my dear child, that there is not a place left in the coach. You can see for yourself that it is quite full..."

"No matter," replied Candlewick "if there is no place inside, I will sit on top."

And clambering up, he seated himself on top of the coach.

"And you, my love! . . ." said the little man, turning in a flattering manner to Pinocchio, "what do you intend to do? Are you coming with us, or are you going to remain behind?"

Pinocchio did not answer; but he sighed; he sighed again: he sighed for the third time, and he said finally:

"Very well. I am coming, too," and he climbed up and sat down beside Candlewick.

The next moment the coach was off, bound for the 'Land of Boobies.'

There will be another story about Pinocchio next week.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 12. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

1. What was the name of Rifle Tom's father?
2. How many Red Indians were they chasing?
3. Whose hunting grounds did they enter?
4. How did Brown Bob lead the scouts to the Indians' wigwam?





This is the Great Pyramid of Egypt, one of the ancient Wonders of the World. It is said that a thousand slaves toiled for twenty years to build the Great Pyramid. It is actually a tomb of an Egyptian King, called a Pharoah (say Fair-oh).



Do you ever wonder why a bee buzzes? The noise is made by its wings which move very quickly indeed. The air surrounding the wings vibrates and it is the vibrations that make the buzzing sound.

Here every
week you will be able to
read these

STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered
for you from all over
the world.



It is not always easy to see teeth in a fish's mouth. But many fish have teeth in the roots of their mouths. Then again, some have teeth in their throats and others on their tongues.



One of the swiftest creatures is the ostrich. It may not be able to fly but it can run at a speed of nearly forty miles per hour. It can run at top speed for a very long way, too.



Knives were first made thousands of years ago. The first knives were made by stone-age men. They were flint stones that had been chipped as our picture shows.

